

**"\$PRINGFIELD"**

**(Or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Legalized Gambling)**

by

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ACT ONE

**FADE IN:**

**B&W FILM FOOTAGE - NEWSREEL**

**MUSIC: FANFARE**

A newsreel cameraman cranks his camera and turns toward us.  
Words fly onto the screen as an announcer says them.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O)

The "News on Parade" Corporation presents  
(GRANDIOSE) ... "News... on... Parade"...  
Corporation... News!

A brief montage of newsreel subjects:

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Bringing you the world of ... Politics!

Footage of Harry Truman smiling and holding up a newspaper  
headline that says "Truman Dead."

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

...Sports!

Joe DiMaggio swings at a pitch, misses, and runs to first anyway,  
to the cheers of the crowd. The opposing players look confused.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D) ...and

Hollywood!

Cary Grant leaves a restaurant, waves to a group of reporters, and gets behind the wheel of his car. It swerves wildly down the street. The opening fanfare ends and an art card comes up, saying...

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

"Springfield -- City on the Grow!"

Shot of man handing a plaque to the mayor.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

It's a proud day as the Secretary of Commerce declares Springfield one of America's 400 fastest-growing cities! And why not? Business is booming -- half the country wears Springfield Galoshes!

Galoshes go by on an assembly line. A happy worker holds one up and we see the "Springfield Galoshes" logo on the sole.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And the tooth-powder factory isn't looking too shabby either!

A huge factory belches pollution into the sky.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

The city's even in the celebrity business -- everyone knows Frank Mills hails from Springfield!

An unrecognizable man in a tuxedo plays the xylophone for photographers.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And say hello to the state's first Aqua-Car factory! Keep 'em coming, boys!

A line of Aqua-Cars drives off the assembly line and into the harbor.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Everybody's chipping in -- even this fella  
has Springfield's can-do spirit!

A dachshund **BARKS** cheerfully as he pulls a little wagon with a sign saying "I'm Pulling for Springfield!"

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

So watch out, Utica -- Springfield is a city  
on the grow!

**INT. SPRINGFIELD AZTEC THEATER - 1948 - DAY - B&W**

Everything is still in black & white. The newsreel ends, and we follow a young Grampa and Jasper out of the theater.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD AZTEC THEATER - 1948 - DAY - B&W**

The marquee says "Ray Milland in 'Conquer the Mighty Hudson' also Newsreel -- Cartoon -- Short Subjects -- Sing-Along."

GRAMPA

Six hours of fun for fifteen cents... What a  
rip-off!

They walk past gleaming storefronts, new cars, and other signs of prosperity.

JASPER

That's the price you pay for living in the  
big city.

GRAMPA

Feh! The way people act around here, you'd think  
the streets were paved with gold.

JASPER

They are.

Jasper points to a car, which tries to brake on the slick gold street and crashes into a newsstand.

GRAMPA

Oh, yeah.

As the two walk along, the scene DISSOLVES from black & white 1948 into color, present-day. The now-elderly men pass boarded-up storefronts and other signs of economic collapse. Nearby, Jailbird pries up the only remaining shard of gold pavement and runs off. A panhandler approaches.

PANHANDLER

Hey, Bub, got any spare change?

GRAMPA

Yes and you ain't gettin' it. (TO JASPER)

I'll tell you why this country's rotten --  
everybody wants something for nothing.

Grampa walks past the panhandler and into the Social Security Office.

#### **ESTABLISHING SHOT - POWER PLANT**

#### **INT. POWER PLANT - MEN'S ROOM**

Homer flushes the urinal. On his way out, he sees something in an open stall and goes in.

#### **HOMER'S P.O.V.**

A pair of black horn-rimmed glasses sits at the bottom of a clean toilet bowl.

HOMER

Hey! Anybody drop their glasses in the  
toilet? (SILENCE) Last chance. (SILENCE)  
Woo hoo!

Homer grabs the glasses, wipes them off, and runs over to the mirror. He puts them on. He looks like a real square.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(MOCK LECTURING) Mr. Simpson, you are the worst student I've ever had in my drivers' education class. (LAUGHS) Yeah, well, who's on top now, Mr. Neemis?

**INT. POWER PLANT - SNACK ROOM - A MINUTE LATER**

HOMER

Hey, guys, look what I found in the toilet!

LENNY

Wow! Let me see! (TRIES ON GLASSES) Look, everybody, I'm George Bush!

Lenny looks nothing like George Bush.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(AWFUL BUSH IMPRESSION) Not gana do it. Wouldn't be prudent. Thousand points a' light.

HOMER & CARL

(WAY TOO MUCH LAUGHTER)

Homer puts the glasses on again and eyes the donuts.

**HOMER'S P.O.V.**

The magnified donuts look huge.

HOMER

(AWED) Giant donuts...

He starts to get one and sees an enormous hand reaching in.

HOMER

(SCREAM)

CARL

Better watch out, Homer. If those glasses weren't made for you, they could ruin your eyesight.

HOMER

Unlikely.

Homer takes off the glasses, and everything is completely out of focus.

**INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS'S OFFICE - LATER**

Burns and Smithers escort a visitor out of the office.

BURNS

Thank you so much for visiting our plant, Dr. Kissinger.

SMITHERS

We'll let you know if your glasses turn up.

HENRY KISSINGER

(LYING) Er, I'm sure I left them in the car.

ZOOM IN on Kissinger's forehead.

HENRY KISSINGER'S BRAIN (V.O)

No one must know I dropped them in the toilet. Not I, the man who forged the Paris Peace Accords and won the Nobel Prize...

Burns and Smithers stare at Kissinger, then return to the desk.

SMITHERS

Sir, have you had a chance to review those figures from accounting?

Burns leafs through a file.

BURNS

So we need to cut back, do we? Tough times, eh? I've lived through twelve recessions, eight panics, and five years of McKinley-nomics, and I'll survive this! Let those hippies in the coal industry "cut back!"

SMITHERS

If I might, sir -- we could make the balance sheet more attractive by laying off a few employees.

BURNS

(CHEERFUL) Oh. Very well -- lay off...

Burns turns to the monitors and points to Lenny, Carl, etc.

BURNS (CONT'D)

...Him, him, him, him...

He looks at Homer, who is sitting blankly at his workstation, wearing the horn-rimmed glasses.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Hmm, better keep the egghead. He might come in handy.

**INT. MOE'S BAR - NIGHT**

CARL

You're a lucky guy, Homer. I dunno what I'm gonna do.

LENNY

I'm gonna apply for a job at that factory  
where they make the funny answering machine  
tapes.

CARL

That place was burnt down by an angry mob two  
years ago.

HOMER

It won't be the same without you guys. This  
round is on me. Three Duffs, Moe!

MOE

Sorry, Homer. With the economy in the  
crapper, I can't afford to carry Duff no  
more. Have some of Moe's Patented Home-Brew.

Moe produces a Brew-in-A-Bag sack, opens a nozzle, and pours  
Homer a glass. Whole grains of barley and wheat float around in  
the beer. Homer takes a big sip, leaving foam and barley all  
over his face.

HOMER

(REFRESHED LIP-SMACKING)

**EXT. QUIK-E-MART - NIGHT**

Homer's car pulls in, and he sees a mob of his unemployed co-  
workers hanging out in the parking lot. Apu stands at the door  
with a bullhorn.

APU

(THROUGH BULLHORN) Please! No loitering! A  
paying customer is coming through!



**INT. QUIK-E-MART - NIGHT - A MINUTE LATER**

Apu rings up Homer's purchases.

APU

I appreciate your business, Mr. Homer. In the past two weeks, the only things I've been able to sell are fortified wine and anti-social bumper-stickers.

Apu points to a rack of angry bumper-stickers, including "100% Fed Up," "I'd Rather Be Working," and "I Wish I Had a Boss to Hate."

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL OF BEEF JERKY) Muh.

APU

Oh, well. We've all got to get by somehow.

Homer drops his change in a charitable collection jar on the counter and exits. Apu empties the jar into the cash register.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Homer is watching TV. Maggie sits nearby on the floor.

**ON TV**

Kent Brockman stands in the crowded Springfield Unemployment Office.

BROCKMAN

Things aren't as happy as they used to be down here at the unemployment office. Joblessness is no longer just for sociology graduate students -- regular people are starting to feel the pinch.

He turns to interview Barney, who is standing in line.

BARNEY

I haven't been able to find a job in six years!

BROCKMAN

And where have you looked?

BARNEY

Looked?

Onscreen, we see file footage of Fort Springfield army base.

BROCKMAN (V.O)

The economic downturn began last spring when the government closed Fort Springfield, sending a critical blow to the city's liquor and prostitution industries.

**ANGLE ON MAGGIE**

She is playing a game with her pacifier -- spitting it into the air and catching it in her mouth.

BROCKMAN (O.S)

Tomorrow night, the mayor will hold an emergency town meeting to discuss Springfield's dire economic condition.

Maggie spits her pacifier too high and can't catch it. It falls into a heating vent on the floor. She crawls over and reaches in.

**WIDE SHOT**

Marge enters and is alarmed to find Maggie pressing her face against the vent. Marge grabs her, and we see that Maggie's hair is blown straight back and that her face is beet red from the heat.

MARGE

Homer! You were supposed to watch Maggie!  
She could've been hurt.

HOMER

Oh, yeah. Anyhoo -- Marge, I'm sick of this  
stinking recession. (WHINY) When are we  
gonna have some money again?

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR) We've never had any money.  
You spend it as soon as we get it. Even when  
you and Lenny and Carl sold that plutonium to  
Syria, you spent your share right away.

HOMER

But, Marge, I had a once-in-a-lifetime  
opportunity -- that wax museum was going out  
of business!

CUT TO:

**EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Decaying wax dummies of the Beatles, Dracula, W.C. Fields, etc.,  
litter the backyard. Santa's Little Helper rips the spangled  
glove (and arm) off of the "Beat It"-era Michael Jackson.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD TOWN HALL - THE NEXT NIGHT**

The townspeople are assembled for the meeting.

MAYOR QUIMBY

The floor is now open for suggestions on how  
to revitalize our town's economy.

LIONEL HUTZ

I think we should declare bankruptcy, default on our loans, and hide any remaining money in a numbered Swiss bank account.

MAYOR QUIMBY

That doesn't sound too practical.

LIONEL HUTZ

(POINTING AT DR. HIBBERT) Hey, it worked for him!

Dr. Hibbert looks alarmed and embarrassed.

DR. HIBBERT

Perhaps the town would like to hear about your nervous breakdown.

LIONEL HUTZ

(SITTING DOWN) Eep.

SELMA

We could hold another town hostage.

HOMER

New York!

APU

Boston!

CHIEF WIGGUM

I've got a brother in Dallas!

MAYOR QUIMBY

People, let's be a little more realistic...

DROOPY-VOICED GUY

Burlington, Vermont.

Quimby **BANGS** the gavel.

MAYOR QUIMBY

I'd like to hear some reasonable suggestions.

VOICE FROM THE BACK

We could raise taxes.

Everyone turns angrily to look at the speaker. It's Walter Mondale.

MOE

It's Walter Mondale!

GRAMPA

Get him!

The crowd erupts in fury and grabs Walter Mondale.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD TOWN HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The mob bursts out of the town hall with Mondale. They tie him up, throw him in the trunk of a car, and put a brick on the accelerator. It zooms off.

**EXT. LONELY HIGHWAY - NIGHT - LATER**

The car speeds along. We hear **MUFFLED POUNDING** from inside the trunk.

**EXT. SHELBYVILLE - NIGHT - LATER**

The car runs out of gas and **SPUTTERS** to a stop. Curious bystanders hear the pounding, open the trunk, and shine a flashlight in.

ALARMED SHELBYVILLIAN

Walter Mondale!

The enraged bystanders slam the trunk, gas up the car, and send it off again.

BYSTANDERS

(AD LIB SIGHS OF RELIEF)

**INT. SPRINGFIELD TOWN HALL - NIGHT - LATER**

The meeting continues.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

I hesitate to bring this up, given the already tepid moral climate of this town, but a number of cities have rejuvenated their economies with -- legalized gambling.

CROWD

(ENTHUSIASTIC MURMURS)

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

There's an added bonus -- a percentage of the revenue can go to help our under-funded public schools!

The crowd is completely silent. We hear **CRICKETS**.

PATTY

Well, I like the part about the gambling.

CROWD

(ENTHUSIASTIC AGAIN)

FLANDERS

It'd sure help our merchants to have all those tourists walkin' around. What do you think, Reverend?

REVEREND LOVEJOY

Once something has been approved by the government, it's no longer immoral. I'm for it.

CROWD

(MURMURS OF ASSENT)

BURNS

By building a casino, I could tighten my stranglehold on this dismal town!

CROWD

Yay!

BARNEY

It'll create a lotta sleazy jobs!

CROWD

Yay!

Quimby **BANGS** the gavel and the crowd settles down.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Well, now. Are there any objections?

There is a **PROLONGED RUSTLING** as everyone in the hall turns to look at Marge, anticipating her usual objection.

MARGE

Actually, I think it might really help our economy.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Very well, then. It's unanimous!

CROWD

(CHEERS)

The town secretary records the vote in a ledger, where we see previous idiotic town votes, e.g. "Above-Ground H-Bomb Test," "Lower Drinking Age to 14," and "Build Monorail."

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD TOWN HALL - NIGHT - A MINUTE LATER**

The over-exuberant crowd streams out.

MARGE

This could be a whole new beginning for  
Springfield.

All around, rowdy citizens are celebrating -- swigging liquor from bottles, kissing sleazy women, shooting off dangerous-looking fireworks, and **HOWLING & HOOTING** in an obnoxious way.

HOMER

And you know what the best part is? We've  
really done something for the children.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD BOARDWALK - EARLY MORNING**

The boardwalk is a dilapidated relic of the 1920's, consisting of an abandoned amusement park and a boarded-up Grand Hotel. Burns and Quimby walk along in hard-hats.

MAYOR QUIMBY

The City Council and I are thrilled  
you've decided to build your casino on  
our historic waterfront.

BURNS

Oh, I'll never forget those carefree  
summer days spent in youthful bliss on  
this old Boardwalk. Washing down a cod-  
cake with a bracing swig of Moxie,  
sneaking into the kinetoscope parlor,  
riding the bumper cars...

**BURNS' S FLASHBACK**

Little Monty Burns, with curls and lolly, repeatedly slams his bumper car into one containing a **CRYING** little girl. He sees a workman painting the railings, zooms over, and plows into the man's legs.

WORKMAN

(IRISH ACCENT) Ye li'l stinkard! I'll  
tear ye limb from limb! (TURNS AROUND)  
Er, Master Burns! I mean, carry on.

The workman tries to keep painting as Burns rams into him over and over again.

# **BACK TO THE PRESENT**

Burns sees the old bumper cars and runs over to one, enraptured.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Ah! Here she is, old Number Forty-Four!

The unbeatable Forty-Four!

Burns tries to climb into the bumper car and gets a **HUGE, CRACKLING ELECTRIC SHOCK.**

BURNS (CONT'D)

(FURIOUS) Ow! Dammit!

He kicks at the car futilely until Quimby leads him away.

# **NEW ANGLE**

They stand on the Boardwalk in front of a beautiful old merry-go-round. A historic marker says "Nation's Oldest Carousel."

QUIMBY

We're very concerned about maintaining the integrity of the Boardwalk. This place has quite a proud and happy history, except for a period in the 40's when it was used as a Japanese internment camp.

BURNS

Yes, yes. Historic preservation is my first priority.

As soon as they turn away, Burns **SNAPS HIS FINGERS** in the air. We hear **THREE BLASTS ON A SIREN**, and the Grand Hotel

is detonated and collapses into itself. Simultaneously, a bulldozer pushes the Nation's Oldest Carousel into the sea, where it is immediately devoured by sharks.

**INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS'S OFFICE - DAY**

SMITHERS

Sir, the designers are here with some  
prototypes for your casino.

A very enthusiastic British guy enters.

BRITISH GUY

In my mind, there is nothing you Yanks  
want more than a taste of the  
Motherland! Thus, I give you...

He unveils a model of a casino that looks like Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament.

BRITISH GUY (CONT'D)

"Brittania!" Gambling with all the  
glitz and glamor of the British Isles!  
All you can eat British buffet! Bangers  
& mash, eel pie...

Burns angrily rebuffs the British Guy's attempt to feed him bangers & mash.

BRITISH GUY (CONT'D)

And best of all... the waitresses and  
showgirls are all real Brits! Fresh  
from the streets of Sussex, they are!  
(WINKS)

A waitress comes in wearing a skimpy Union Jack outfit. She is a horrible dumpy British woman with bad teeth.

BRITISH WAITRESS

(SCREECHY) Freshen your drink, guv'nor?

BURNS

Get out!

The next casino is "Woodstock" (with the bird on guitar logo in flashing neon), wheeled in by a very upbeat hippie.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(IMMEDIATELY) Get out!

HIPPIE

(DEVASTATED) Uh... let me just get my  
head together...

BURNS

Now!

The hippie leaves, along with his flower-child waitresses. The Old Sea Captain comes in and sets up an easel with an engraving of a three-masted schooner.

THE CAPTAIN

I'll need three ships and fifty stout  
men! We'll sail around the Cape Horn  
and return with spices and silk, the  
likes of which ye've never seen!

BURNS

We're building a casino.

THE CAPTAIN

Arr. Can ye give me five minutes?

The Captain runs out.

BURNS

This is preposterous! I'll design it  
myself. I know what people like!

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD BOARDWALK - NIGHT - A MONTH LATER**

CLOSE-UP on a giant neon waving Burns (à la the waving cowboy of the Pioneer casino in Las Vegas). PULL BACK to reveal a casino that resembles the power plant with a flashing neon sign -- "Monty's." Workers wheel in slot machines, potted plants, etc. Homer stands in the foreground.

HOMER

(AWED) Ohhh... it's beautiful.

**HOMER'S P.O.V.**

He's staring open-mouthed at bales of crisp, new money being wheeled into the casino.

BRINKS GUARD

(WISE GUY VOICE) Hey, Rockefeller, get back or I'll shoot you.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

HOMER

It's got neon signs and slot machines and elevators! There's no other place like it!

LISA

What about Las Vegas?

HOMER

I mean in the United States, Lisa.

MARGE

But are you sure you want to work there?

HOMER

Mr. Burns said any plant employee could transfer with only a thirty percent cut in pay.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

HOMER

Marge, I'd be working in a casino -- the smell of the greasepaint, the roar of the crowd, you know -- the Big Top!

MARGE

That's the circus.

BART

Homer's got a point. He could make a fortune in tips.

HOMER

Uh-huh. And what's more, I'd be mingling with some of the finest people on earth -- gamblers.

**EXT. MONTY'S CASINO - DAY**

People swarm into the casino. A sign says "Pawn Shop on Premises." The casino logo -- a scowling caricature of Burns -- is everywhere.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - GRAND FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

A placard reads "Marvin Hagler -- Official Greeter of Monty's." A man comes in, and Marvin Hagler runs over to greet him.

MARVIN HAGLER

Hello, I'm Marvin Hagler. Welcome to Monty's. If there's anything I can do to make your visit more enjoyable, just let me know. Please take this Courtesy Map of the casino, and have a few post cards for the folks back home...

The man begins to look around nervously as Hagler continues greeting him.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - CRAPS TABLES**

A crowded craps table. Grampa is shaking the dice.

GRAMPA

Come on lucky seven! Papa needs a new pair of spats! I want me some of that sweet, sweet do-re-mi! Fat City, here I come!

APU

Throw the dice!

GRAMPA

Don't rush me! I have arthritis.

CROUPIER

Will the gentleman please roll the dice.

GRAMPA

(AGITATED) All right, all... Oh, for cryin' out loud, I dropped one... Now it's in my shoe. Ow! Ow! (LIMPS AWAY)

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - ROULETTE TABLE**

Greek tycoon Aristotle Amadopolis slides a towering stack of chips onto number 19. The tableman spins the roulette wheel, and as it slows, the ball is heading right into 19.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SECURITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

A security officer sees this on a monitor.

SECURITY OFFICER

(INTO MIKE) Code blue on roulette!

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - ROULETTE TABLE - CONTINUOUS**

The tableman hears this in his earpiece and flicks a switch under the table, turning on a giant **HUMMING** electro-magnet. The roulette wheel slams to an immediate stop, anchoring the ball in a losing space. The magnet also pulls in people's glasses and cuff-links, a kid with braces, the lounge singer's mike, Mr. T, etc.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SLOT MACHINES**

WAITRESS

Sir, the free drinks are only for people  
who're gambling.

BARNEY

I'm gambling.

Barney produces a linty nickel and puts it in a slot machine.

WAITRESS

(MUTTERED CURSES)

BARNEY

If I pass out, will you pour beer into  
my mouth so I don't miss any?

Barney grabs a big cup sitting by a neighboring slot machine and **GULPS** it down.



SLOT PLAYER

Hey, my quarters!

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - GRAND FOYER**

Marvin Hagler is still greeting the same guest, who is now visibly exasperated.

MARVIN HAGLER

And in medieval times, there were 56  
cards in a deck -- the four suits  
representing the military, the church,  
merchants and farmers...

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SHOWROOM ENTRANCE**

A sign says "Tonight: The Flamboyant Magic of Günter and Ernst."

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SHOWROOM**

Two extravagantly-dressed magicians pull the drape off a cage, revealing a white tiger inside.

ERNST

And voila! Anastasia has magically  
teleported into the second cage!

A audience member spots an identical white tiger peering shyly from behind the first cage.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Hey, there's two identical tigers!  
That's no magic.

Günter **SNAPS HIS FINGERS** and two burly security guards carry the man off.

ERNST

A round of applause for Anastasia! She  
loves show business -- so much nicer  
than the savagery of the jungle.

#### **TIGER'S FLASHBACK**

In a scene reminiscent of a Rousseau painting, the tiger sleeps in an idyllic savannah. The tranquility is shattered as Günter and Ernst drive up in a Land Rover and **HONK THE HORN** repeatedly. When the tiger wakes up, they shoot it with a tranquilizer gun.

#### **INT. MONTY'S CASINO - HIGH-ROLLER BLACKJACK**

There is a large crowd around the elegant, roped-off blackjack table. MOVE IN to reveal Homer is the dealer. All the players have their cards, and Homer deals his own hand. He already has six cards.

HOMER

(COUNTING UP HIS HAND) Um, let's see...

18... 27... 35. Dealer busts. Looks  
like you all win again.

PLAYERS

(POLITE APPLAUSE)

Homer slides the winnings to each player -- a big Texan, Kent Brockman, Troy McClure, Krusty, and Richard Sakai.

BIG TEXAN

(FOGHORN LEGHORN VOICE) Yee ha! Homer,  
I want you to have my lucky hat. I wore  
it the day Kennedy was shot, and it  
alllllways brings me good luck!

Homer's shift ends and a new dealer comes. The players **GROAN** and immediately leave.

HOMER

(SING-SONG) I think they like somebody  
better than somebody else.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

A Humvee **RUMBLES** into town, driven by Arnold Schwarzenegger. The passengers are Sylvester Stallone and Bruce Willis, who is fumbling with a road map.

STALLONE

We've been to fourteen Springfields  
already. This better be the right one.

WILLIS

I know I've said it a lot over the last  
three weeks, but this is the place.  
This town is gonna make us rich and  
famous!

SCHWARZENEGGER

Hooray for us! (HONKS HORN CHEERFULLY)  
(THEN, SUDDENLY GASPS)

He slams on the brakes, terrified.

STALLONE

Arnie! What's wrong?

**MUSIC: DRAMATIC SCI-FI STING**

Schwarzenegger is staring down a smiling "robot" made out of old mufflers. It's propped up by the side of the road and holds a sign saying "Visit Mr. Muffler -- 5 Locations!"

**EXT. BOARDWALK - LATER THAT DAY**

A real estate agent shows Willis, Stallone, and Schwarzenegger a vacant lot near the casino.

WILLIS

We'll take it. Do you accept personal checks?

REAL ESTATE AGENT

With I.D.

STALLONE

Gentlemen, feast your eyes on the future site of Planet Hollywood, Springfield.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

I'm sure you'll do quite well. We have a very successful Hard Rock Cafe downtown.

ALL THREE ACTORS

Not anymore.

We see a column of smoke and flames rising from downtown.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SLOT MACHINES**

Bart is playing a slot machine. The first wheel stops -- it's a cartoon of Burns. The second -- Burns. The third -- another Burns! Jackpot -- **BELLS RING**, and the attendant comes up.

ATTENDANT

Hey, you're not 21. You got I.D.?

Bart hands him a driver's license.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

(READING) Donna C. Kroft...

**EXT. MONTY'S CASINO - DAY**

Bart is kicked out of the casino.

BART

By the way, your martinis stink!

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY - LATER**

CLOSE-UP of Bart walking home, **GRUMBLING** to himself. He is struck with an idea and stops suddenly. It appears that he's looking out over the desert, à la "Bugsy."

BART

I have a vision...

The desert scene is actually painted on a moving van marked "Mojave Moving & Storage." The van pulls away, and we see Bart has been staring at his treehouse.

**EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY**

Grampa and Jasper ride along in an Atlantic City-style roller chair. (They sit in a high-backed wicker chair, and a teenager pedals from behind.) They roll past the casino with its smartly-dressed bellhops, glamorous guests, limousines, etc.

JASPER

Hot diggity! Legalized gamblin's done  
wonders for this town.

As soon as they pass the casino, we see the rest of the town is still run down and boarded-up. Nothing has changed. The cart stops and we hear a **THUD**.

GRAMPA

Hello? Hello? Let's get goin'!

JAILBIRD (O.S)

You got it, Gramps.

**ANGLE FROM BEHIND**

The teenager lies on the ground. Jailbird speeds off with the old men in the cart.

GRAMPA & JASPER

(HOLLERS OF PROTEST)

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HOMER & MARGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Homer is reading the Springfield Shopper, which has the headline "ECONOMY ON MEND!" A smaller headline says "Carter to Springfield: 'Where's Mondale?'"

HOMER

I hate to rub it in, but you were wrong once again. The casino really did help this town.

MARGE

I was for the casino! I told everyone I thought it would help the economy.

HOMER

Strike three, Marge. I remember that meeting, and I have a photographic memory.

#### **HOMER'S FLASHBACK - HIS MEMORY OF THE MEETING**

Townspeople fight off sleep as Marge drones on. She wears curlers and brandishes a rolling pin.

MARGE

Legalized gambling is bad idea. I'm against it and always will be. You can build a casino over my dead body!

PULL BACK to reveal the scene resembles a "Find the Mistakes" cartoon: a well-dressed crocodile sits next to Marge, Apu is three stories tall, the scenery in the window is upside-down, the clock has three fours, etc. Homer has an incredible physique. Someone hands him a phone.

SOMEONE

For you. It's the President.

#### **EXT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - DAY**

The treehouse now sports a flashing neon sign -- "Club Backyard." Bart, in tuxedo, stands at the base of the tree as kids climb up. He greets kids and talks on the phone simultaneously.

BART

Welcome... Have a lucky day... (TO  
PHONE) Sure, we'll cash a check from  
your grandparents...

Wendell comes up and whispers to Bart.

BART (CONT'D)

A date for the evening? I'll see if I  
can arrange it.

**INT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

The treehouse resembles a miniature casino. Kids play cards in one corner.

LEWIS

Got any fives?

Ralph takes a dramatic puff on his bubble-gum cigar, then blows a bubble.

RALPH

(DEAD SERIOUS) Go fish.

On one wall, we see various odds posted, e.g. "Krabappel Nervous Breakdown: 2-1" and "Fat Kid Popular: 50-1." There is also a buffet composed of food stolen from the Simpsons' refrigerator. Nelson, the bouncer, tosses Martin Prince out.

MARTIN

I hardly think it's fair to eject a  
patron simply for winning!

NELSON

Your wussiness was distracting the other  
players.

Milhouse performs on a makeshift stage. He wears a cape and  
top hat and struggles to push Snowball II into a shoebox.

SNOWBALL II

(FRANTIC MEOWING)

MILHOUSE

Behold the box of mystery! The cat goes  
in... uh... (TRIES TO PUSH CAT IN)

Snowball II erupts in panic and attacks. Another cat, hidden  
in his top hat, jumps out and both cats maul Milhouse.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

(CRIES OF PAIN)

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - HIGH-ROLLER BLACKJACK**

Homer is dealing to Rain Man and his brother, both in  
matching suits. Rain Man has amassed a large pile of chips.

HOMER

Do that card-counting thing again!

RAIN MAN

Hit me.

Homer deals a five onto Rain Man's sixteen.

HOMER

Oooh! Twenty-one! Let's do it again!

C'mon!

Homer's annoying behavior is beginning to bother Rain Man.

RAIN MAN

Definitely have to leave the table.

HOMER



No! Please, please, please...

RAIN MAN

Gotta watch Wapner. Leave the table.

Yeah, leave the table.

HOMER

No!

Rain Man starts to have one of his **HORRIBLE SCREAMING FITS**.  
After a beat, Homer starts to have a **HORRIBLE FIT**, too.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - BURNS'S PENTHOUSE**

Burns, in bathrobe with five o'clock shadow and dark circles under his eyes, sits transfixed before a bank of casino monitors.

SMITHERS

Sir, you haven't slept since the casino  
opened, five days ago.

BURNS

It's the greatest show on Earth --  
people paying me money for nothing!  
(PAUSE) Great Caesar's Ghost! What if  
they want their money back? It's mine  
now. I won't let every Poker Chip  
Charlie and Nickel Slot Nancy steal my  
money!

SMITHERS

I believe most people understand the...

BURNS

I want 24-hour triple security on this  
room -- I want my air tested daily for

poison gases -- and I will only eat  
canned pinto beans cooked on this Bunsen  
Burner!

Burns shakes the Bunsen Burner at Smithers.

BURNS

(SHAKING FIST AT MONITORS) They're all  
against me, aren't they?!

**BURNS' S P.O.V.**

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Smithers's face, which is crawling with  
hideous microscopic germs.

SMITHERS

(SINCERE) Yes, they are, sir.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Marvin Hagler peels some bark off a tree. The guest sits on  
a stump, fuming.

MARVIN HAGLER

This is the Western White Spruce. Local  
Indians used the sap to seal leaks in  
their canoes. It was also used in a  
religious ceremony known as the  
"Watanda-Ni-Pokk"...

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - HIGH-ROLLER BLACKJACK**

**MUSIC: JAMES BOND THEME**

Homer is dealing to James Bond and Blofeld. The game is at  
its crucial moment -- Blofeld has just been dealt a 20.

BLOFELD

Twenty. Your move, 007.

James Bond has 19.

BOND

I'll take a hit, dealer. (GETS CARD)  
Joker? You're supposed to take those  
out of the deck!

HOMER

Ooh, sorry. Here's another one.

BOND

What is this card? (READING CARD)  
"Rules for Draw and Stud Poker?"

Blofeld's henchmen move in.

BLOFELD

What a pity, Mr. Bond...

BOND

But, but, I didn't lose! It was his  
fault!

BLOFELD

Perhaps the sharks will enjoy your  
little story.

**EXT. MONTY'S CASINO - DAY**

Marge enters the casino, holding Maggie, as Blofeld and the  
henchmen carry Bond out the door.

BOND

At least tell me the details of your  
plot for world domination...

BLOFELD

Oh, I'm not going to fall for that one again.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - HIGH-ROLLER BLACKJACK**

Marge comes up and kisses Homer. She hands him a casino uniform on a hanger.

MARGE

Here's your extra uniform. Maybe next time, you shouldn't spend your break sleeping under the Boardwalk.

REVEAL that Homer's back is covered with tar, which is encrusted with seashells, bottle caps, and cigarette butts.

HOMER

Hey, Marge, after your big spaz against legalized gambling, I bet it feels pretty weird to be in a casino.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR) Well, Maggie's a little restless. I better get going...

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SLOT MACHINES**

On the way out, Marge's eye is caught by a particularly inviting slot machine -- the gleaming "Lucky Lindy," featuring a handsome Lindbergh dropping cash out of "The Spirit of St. Louis." She drops a quarter in and instantly wins four more. Satisfied, she grabs them and leaves.

**EXT. MONTY'S CASINO - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Marge looks at her watch, thinks for a second, and goes back into the casino.

**ESTABLISHING SHOT - PLANET HOLLYWOOD - DAY**

**INT. PLANET HOLLYWOOD**

The place is under construction. Schwarzenegger, Willis, and Stallone are building it themselves.

SCHWARZENEGGER

All right, you chowderheads. We gotta  
get this place finished in time for the  
Grand Opening next week.

Willis has just installed a faucet. He turns it, but no water comes out. On the other side of the room, water sprays out of a light socket into Schwarzenegger's face. Willis turns it on and off repeatedly.

WILLIS

(TO FAUCET) Wise guy, eh?

He whacks the faucet with a wrench, and a pipe shoots out of a nearby wall, knocking Stallone off his scaffold. He falls onto one end of a lower scaffold, sending a bucket of red hot rivets flying into the air. Rivets rain down and land in the men's overalls. We hear a **SIZZLING SOUND**.

ALL THREE ACTORS

Yaaaah!

**EXT. BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS****MUSIC: "THREE STOOGES" CLOSING THEME**

The men run out and leap into the ocean. They sigh with relief. IRIS OUT.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SLOT MACHINES - LATER THAT DAY**

Marge is absorbed in playing the slot machine. Maggie is spitting her pacifier into the air and catching it in her mouth. She spits too high and it lands in a woman's coin cup. The woman walks off with her cup, and Maggie follows. Marge doesn't notice.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - CASHIER**

The woman disappears into a sea of similar fat, nondescript women. Maggie, disoriented, heads in another direction.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SHOWGIRL DRESSING ROOM**

Maggie crawls through as showgirls get ready.

SHOWGIRL#1

Hey, Muriel, izzat yer baby?

SHOWGIRL#2

(BROOKLYN ACCENT) Nah, my baby's safe  
and sound, behind the bar, with  
Knuckles.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - CRAPS TABLE**

Maggie has somehow crawled onto the middle of the craps table.

GAMBLER

Whoa, a baby on the table! That's good  
luck!

He throws the dice.

CROUPIER

Snake eyes. Sorry.

OTHER GAMBLERS

(TO MAGGIE) Booo!

The croupier uses his little rake to pull Maggie off the table along with the chips.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - MAIN ROOM**

Günter and Ernst are walking their tiger through the casino on a leash. They have stopped to talk to a fresh-off-the-turnip-truck Farmboy.

FARMBOY

Gawrsh! It must be exciting to live in  
the cas-een-oh!

GÜNTER

Ja!

ERNST

You know, we're having a party  
tonight...

No one notices that Maggie has crawled up and is grabbing at the tiger's whiskers. Irritated, the tiger finally lets loose with a **COLOSSAL ROAR**, and Maggie is paralyzed with fear. Barney, nearby, sees this and dashes over to scoop up Maggie.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SLOT MACHINES**

Barney spots Marge at the slot machine and runs up with Maggie.

BARNEY

Marge, you gotta watch out for your  
baby! She coulda been eaten by that  
polar bear!

MARGE

(GASPS) Oh my God, Barney, thank you.

I would never have forgiven myself.

She sets Maggie down on the floor.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Now you stay put, young lady.

Marge turns back to the slot machine and continues playing mechanically. Barney looks a little shocked.

BARNEY

(ASIDE) Man, that's classic compulsive  
behavior!

He grabs a beer from a waitress.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

(CHUGS BEER) (BELCH)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

**FADE IN:**

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - BURNS'S PENTHOUSE - DAYS LATER**

The room is dark. PAN ALONG the bank of monitors to show casino patrons talking to each other.

PATRON#1

I hear Mr. Burns had all the fillings  
removed from his teeth.

PATRON#2

I heard he makes 'em replace the toilet  
after he uses it.

PATRON #3

I heard he's always listening to some  
record by the University of Michigan  
Marching Band.

BURNS (O.S)

Wrong! University of Illinois!

PULL BACK to reveal Burns is crazed and has long hair,  
beard, and fingernails à la Howard Hughes.

SMITHERS

Other than that, they're getting pretty  
reliable information, Sir.

BURNS

I suppose.

Burns flips over the record, and we hear the **LOUD STRAINS OF "LOUIE, LOUIE"** played by the University of Illinois Marching Band.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SLOT MACHINES**

Marge goes down a row of machines, playing each one. Groundskeeper Willie walks up and takes a quarter out of his change purse.

MARGE

I'm using that machine. That one, too.

GROUNDSCOOPER WILLIE

Ach. Just as well. I'll spend me  
quarter on the peep show, then.

One of Marge's machines pays off.

GROUNDSCOOPER WILLIE

St. Othmar must be lookin' down on ye!  
Look at all that loot!

MARGE

Oh. Well, the money's nice, but I'm  
just playing for the fun.

ZOOM INTO Marge's empty, blood-shot eyes. They dart back and forth maniacally.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

The kitchen is dirty and strewn with empty food containers. Bart (tuxedo, tie undone) is on the phone. Lisa and Maggie are at the table.

LISA

Do you get the sense this family is  
disintegrating? We haven't had a meal  
together in five days.

BART

(COVERING PHONE) Pipe down, sister.

I've gotta book a new act for tonight.

Turns out that Liza Minelli impersonator  
was really Liza Minelli. (SHUDDERS)

Homer comes in and rummages around in the fridge.

LISA

There's nothing to eat for breakfast.

HOMER

You've gotta improvise, Lisa.

Homer dumps a jar of cloves in a bowl and pours milk over  
it. He eats this like cereal, **CRUNCHING LOUDLY** and washing  
it down with a bottle of Tom Collins Mix.

LISA

Maybe Mom just doesn't realize we miss  
her. We could go to the casino and let  
her know.

BART

And we could get some of those two  
dollar steak breakfasts!

HOMER

Let's go.

They head out. Homer takes his bowl of cloves to eat on the  
way.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SLOT MACHINES**

The family approaches Marge.

MARGE

Hello! I'd hug everyone, but my hands  
are a little dirty from the quarters.  
Her hands are pitch black.

LISA

Hi, Mom. Want to get some breakfast?

MARGE

Well, I did have some Certs about six  
hours ago, but... sure. Okay.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - RESTAURANT**

The family moves along the buffet.

HOMER

Marge, we need to talk. You're spending  
an awful lot of time at the casino, and  
I think there may be a problem...

MARGE

I won sixty dollars last night.  
She hands him a big tub of quarters.

HOMER

Woo hoo! Problem solved!

Homer sees a big fat man on the other side of the buffet.  
The man has a small slice of cantaloupe on his tray.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Man. Look at that fat pig over there.  
Homer's tray is overflowing with food.

LISA

Dad! Shhh... he'll hear you.

HOMER

But he's so fat!

FAT MAN

I'm aware of my weight problem.

A little boy in line points to Homer.

LITTLE BOY

Mom, that fat guy's taking all the food.

LITTLE BOY'S MOTHER

Peter! Shhh!

**ANGLE ON HOMER**

A single tear runs down his face.

**ESTABLISHING SHOT - PLANET HOLLYWOOD - EVENING**

**MONTAGE OF OPENING NIGHT AT PLANET HOLLYWOOD**

A) Schwarzenegger comes up to the Flanderses' table with a big tray and serves their food.

NED FLANDERS

I'm sorry. I ordered cole slaw with my  
hamburg, not french fries.

SCHWARZENEGGER

(BEAT) I'll be back.

He returns a second later with the cole slaw.

B) Chief Wiggum is sitting in a booth with Eddie and Lou. He accidentally drops his glass, and it shatters on the floor.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Heh heh. My fingers are all greasy from  
the chicken.

Bruce Willis walks over.

CHIEF WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Ah, I need another glass of water.

PAN DOWN TO REVEAL that Willis is barefoot, and that the field of broken glass separates him from the kitchen.

**MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING**

WILLIS

(GRITTING TEETH) You got it.

He struggles bravely through the broken glass.

C) Homer, Bart, Lisa, and Maggie are eating dinner.

STALLONE

And how is everything this evening?

BART

The Child's Hot Dog Platter is  
exquisite.

HOMER

This steak's too tough! It's too hard  
to chew.

STALLONE

Why don't I have the chef take a...

HOMER

(REALLY WHINY) I want a tender steak  
and I want it now! Now!! Do you hear  
me?!

Enraged, Stallone starts punching the steak furiously.

STALLONE

There! Is that tender enough for you?

HOMER

(MEEK) Yes.

D) Reverend and Helen Lovejoy are eating. He takes a bite of his rather odd-looking fish and looks queasy.

REV. LOVEJOY

Dear God! This fish is terrible!

Helen, I'm going to be sick.

She grabs her purse, and they rush out of the restaurant. The other patrons start **MUTTERING** and get up to leave. A second later, the place has cleared out.

SCHWARZENEGGER

You said you got fresh local fish!

WILLIS

I did. I got it from some guy down at the wharf.

STALLONE

Some guy? You don't know who he was -- he coulda been anybody!

WILLIS

Well, he looked like a captain.

The Old Sea Captain peers into the window, looks alarmed, and runs off.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Bart walks by, adjusting his cummerbund.

BART

Hey, Lis, free pass to the treehouse?

Tonight only, Bachman-Turner Overdrive.

LISA

No, I've got to find someone to help me make cookies for the Band Bake Sale tomorrow.

BART

So ask Mom. (BEAT) No, you wanta be sure it gets done -- better ask Homer.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - TEN MINUTES LATER**

Homer gathers up the few remaining edibles and pours some white stuff into a bowl.

HOMER

Salt, sugar, same difference.

LISA

I'm sorry, Dad. Normally, I'd get Mom to do this -- (BITTER) but I guess she's got better things to do.

HOMER

(KIND) Lisa, your Mom still loves you. It's just that she has a career now -- she's a professional gambler. Sure, there's less love and caring in the house, but that extra sixty dollars more than makes up for it.

He picks up a bottle and reads the label.

HOMER (CONT'D)

StressTabs with Iron? You'll pass for chocolate chips.



**INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NEXT DAY**

Principal Skinner comes up to the Bake Sale table and sees Lisa with her cookies.

SKINNER

Oh my, macaroons. I really shouldn't,  
but... we'll just keep it between you,  
me, and the bathroom scale.

Skinner hands Mr. Largo some change. He pops a cookie into his mouth and makes a sour face. He spits it into a handkerchief and scoops the rest of it out of his mouth.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(SUPPORTIVE) Very nice. (ASIDE, TO MR.

LARGO) I'd like my forty cents back.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - BURNS'S PENTHOUSE - DAY**

Smithers looks anxiously out the window at the casino marquee, which says "Tonight: Wayne Newton. Also, Concrete & Asphalt Expo '93."

SMITHERS

I'm afraid Wayne Newton hasn't arrived  
yet, Sir.

BURNS

Drat. And it'll take at least 20  
minutes to disinfect him.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD AIRPORT - THAT MINUTE**

Bart is waiting at the gate, holding up a sign for "Wayne Newton." Newton comes up with his garment bag.

WAYNE NEWTON

Hi. Are you from the casino?

BART

I'm from a casino.

WAYNE NEWTON

Good enough. Let's go.

**EXT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - DAY - LATER**

Bart pulls up on his bike, with Wayne Newton riding on the handlebars. Nelson spells out "WAYNE NEWTON" on the marquee.

BART

We've had a slight problem with owls in the dressing room, so you can change behind the tree if you'd like.

WAYNE NEWTON

Are you sure this is the casino? I think maybe I should call my manager.

NELSON

(MAKING FIST) Your manager says for you to shut up!

WAYNE NEWTON

Hmm. Jack said that? Fair enough.

Wayne Newton climbs up to the treehouse.

WAYNE NEWTON (CONT'D)

Well, it's still better than Laughlin.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - THAT EVENING**

Wayne Newton, very professional, is singing for the kids.

WAYNE NEWTON

Jingle Bells / Batman smells / Robin  
 laid an egg! / Batmobile lost a wheel /  
 And the Joker got away! Hey! Thank you  
 very much.

The kids **APPLAUD**. Wayne Newton swings the microphone around  
 and accidentally hits Milhouse in the face.

WAYNE NEWTON (CONT'D)

Ooh. Sorry, kid. Are there any more  
 requests?

JIMBO

Do "Popeye the Sailor Man!"

WAYNE NEWTON

Ohhh... I'm... Popeye the Sailor Man / I  
 sit in a frying pan / I'll turn up the  
 gas / And burn off my..

Suddenly, a number of out-of-breath policemen climb into the  
 treehouse.

CHIEF WIGGUM

(PANTING) Nobody move! This is a raid!  
 Get the buffet, boys.

**EXT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - A MINUTE LATER**

Cops escort all the kids off while Wayne Newton signs  
 autographs for Eddie and Lou.

WIGGUM

You're in a lotta trouble, Simpson. We  
 both know there's gotta be somethin'  
 illegal about building a casino for  
 children in a tree.

BART

Surely we could work something out...

WIGGUM

(SLY) Yeah... You get off with a warning, and I get to swing in that tire.

**EXT. PLANET HOLLYWOOD - BOARDWALK - NIGHT**

Stallone, Willis, and Schwarzenegger stand outside the empty restaurant trying to convince passersby to come in. People go out of their way to avoid Schwarzenegger, who is futilely trying to hand them flyers.

SCHWARZENEGGER

(PLEADING) We no longer serve the bad fish! We got rid of it! The Board of Health says we're okay! Only healthy fish now! If you just read the flyer, you'll see!

Dr. and Mrs. Hibbert walk by.

DR. HIBBERT

(ASIDE, TO WIFE) That's the restaurant that serves the tainted fish.

STALLONE

What's wrong with this town? It's like everyone's crazy or somethin'.

WILLIS

Yeah! I got a ticket for wearing a hat on Sunday!

**ESTABLISHING SHOT OF MONTY'S CASINO - MIDNIGHT**

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SHOWROOM - MIDNIGHT**

Krusty is performing his late-night "blue" show, cigarette and cocktail in hand.

KRUSTY

I don't wanna hit a "sore" spot, but can  
we talk about herpes? (SINGS)  
"Strangers in the night / Exchanging  
herpes" ... Hey, that spot on  
Gorbachev's head? Herpes, trust me....  
Huh? Huh? (SILENCE) You people are  
the worst audience I've ever seen.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

You're the worst comedian we've ever  
seen!

KRUSTY

Fine. We'll just sit here silently for  
the next ninety minutes.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Fine with us.

Krusty sits down on the stage and glares at the audience.  
The audience glares back.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SLOT MACHINES - SIMULTANEOUS**

Marge is the only one there. She has now deteriorated to  
the point that she wears a scarf over her hair, along with  
cat-eye glasses. A custodian goes by, vacuuming up.

MARGE

(OUT OF IT) Could I have another Diet  
Coke, please?

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HOMER'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

LISA (O.S)

Momm!

Lisa runs in and sees Homer asleep, alone. She wakes him up.

HOMER

(ASLEEP) It's gettin' awful hot in this  
tank, General Rommel... (WAKING UP)  
Huh? Lisa? Whuzzab?

LISA

I just had a bad dream and I wanted to  
sleep in here with you guys.

HOMER

Sure... You just lie down and tell me  
all about it.

LISA

Well, I know it's absurd, but I dreamed  
the Boogeyman was after me and...

HOMER

(SCREAM) Boogeyman! Yah! You stay  
here and nail the windows shut! I'll  
get the gun!

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM**

Homer kicks open the door.

HOMER

(TREMBLING) Bart, I don't want to alarm you, but there may be a boogeyman or boogeymen in the house.

BART

(SCREAM)

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HOMER'S BEDROOM - DAWN**

Homer, Bart, Lisa, and Maggie sit nervously on the bed with dark circles under their eyes. Shotgun shells litter the bed, and there is a wide hole blown through the door.

MARGE

(COMING UPSTAIRS) Hello?

HOMER

F.B.I.? It sure took you long enough!

MARGE

What happened here?

Bart and Lisa **SIGH WITH RELIEF** and head back to bed.

HOMER

(SARCASTIC) Oh, nothing, Marge. Just a little incident involving the Boogeyman. Of course, none of this would've happened if you'd been here to keep me from acting stupid.

MARGE

I'm sorry.

HOMER

Listen, Marge, I don't care if you win ten million dollars at that casino...

MARGE

How about thirty-five?

She produces the cash, and Homer grabs it.

HOMER

(KISSES HER) Woo hoo! (FALLS ASLEEP)

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT AFTERNOON**

The kids are glumly drinking from old slot machine quarter cups.

HOMER

(CHEERY) Hel-lo. What's for breakfast?

BART

Tap water from an old quarter cup.

HOMER

Heh, heh. Kids.

Homer opens the refrigerator. The only thing inside is a cinderblock. He throws open some totally empty cabinets, and a bat flies out of one.

BART

Told ya.

HOMER

(SUDDENLY STERN) Where's your mother?

LISA

I would expect she's at the casino.

Homer frantically flings open some drawers, then **GRUNTS** as he pulls at a drawer under the sink.

HOMER

(GRUNTS)

LISA

(CALM) Dad, that's not a drawer.



HOMER

(GRUNTS)

LISA

Dad, that's not a drawer.

The panel finally flies off, revealing a bunch of pipes.  
Homer, frenzied, rips open the last cabinets -- nothing.

HOMER

(THUNDERING UNEARTHLY ROAR)

Homer runs out of the house.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - MAIN ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

A crazed Homer runs into the casino. He knocks over  
blackjack tables and sweeps cash and chips to the floor, à  
la Jesus & the Money Changers.

HOMER

(SHOUTING) You stole my wife!! Marge!

Where are you?!

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - COAT CHECK**

Mayor Quimby is making out with a waitress who has a "Marge"  
name-tag.

MAYOR QUIMBY

(ALARMED) I thought you said your  
husband was in the hospital having his  
leg amputated!

WAITRESS

He is.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Fantastic.

They continue making out feverishly.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - CRAPS TABLE**

Still rampaging, Homer runs up and grabs the dice from a player. He throws them away furiously.

CROUPIER

Seven. Lucky seven. CRAPS PLAYERS

(CHEERS)

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - WHEEL OF FORTUNE**

Homer runs past and violently swats the wheel. It spins wildly, then stops.

WHEELMAN

Double stars. Everybody wins.

WHEEL PLAYERS

(CHEERS)

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - BURNS'S PENTHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Burns and Smithers see Homer's rampage on the monitors.

BURNS

That man Simpson is insane! I don't  
want him working in my casino!

SMITHERS

We'll transfer him to the nuclear power  
plant, Sir.

BURNS

(SAD) Oh, the plant... How I miss the  
plant. Poisoning the Earth is so much  
more satisfying than poisoning the soul.

SMITHERS

More lucrative as well, Sir. Business has really dropped off since they legalized gambling in Shelbyville and Union Mills and Moneytown, which until two weeks ago was Mormontown.

Uneasy, Burns strokes his beard. His long fingernails get caught, and one of them cracks off.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Bah! To hell with this! Get my razor!  
Draw a bath! Return those videotapes!

SMITHERS

Certainly. And the jars of urine, Sir?

BURNS

Oh, hang on to those.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - SLOT MACHINES**

The nearly-rabid Homer spots Marge, runs up, and rips the plug out of her slot machine.

HOMER

(LOUD INCOHERENT BABBLE)

MARGE

Homer! What is it? Slow down.

HOMER

(SLOW INCOHERENT BABBLE)

MARGE

Think before you say each word.

HOMER

Did you know, at this very moment, your children and I are sitting at home with

nothing to eat?! Can you even tell me  
the last meal you made for us?

MARGE

Yes. Split pea soup, rice pilaf, and  
chicken tarragon. Dessert was  
popsicles.

HOMER

(STUNNED) Well, yeah, uh... But when  
did you serve it?

MARGE

(THINKS) Ten days ago. But, really,  
Homer -- you can get your own food.

HOMER

Okay. Tell me the last time you spent  
an evening at home with your family.

MARGE

(HEMS AND HAWS)

HOMER

I want my wife back. The kids want  
their mom back. Come home, Marge.

MARGE

I've been so carried away I didn't even  
realize. I'll stop. (BEAT) Right now.

She gets up and throws her tub of quarters into the trash.

HOMER

Now there's no need to get crazy about  
this.

He rummages wildly through the trash.

**INT. MONTY'S CASINO - GRAND FOYER**

Homer and Marge head out.

HOMER

Marge, for the first time in our marriage, I can finally look down my nose at you. (SAVORING) You have a gambling problem.

MARGE

That's true. Will you forgive me?

HOMER

Sure... Remember when I got caught stealing those watches from Sears? Well, that's nothing, because you have a gambling problem! And remember when I let that escaped lunatic into the house 'cause he was dressed like Santa Claus? Well, you have a gambling problem!

MARGE

Homer, when you forgive someone, you can't throw it back at them like that.

HOMER

Aw, what a gyp.

**EXT. PLANET HOLLYWOOD - DUSK**

The windows are boarded up. Arnold Schwarzenegger sits outside on a crate, smoking a cigar.

SCHWARZENEGGER

I can't believe I lost thirty million dollars on this place. Now I'll have to do another movie.

Willis and Stallone walk up.

SCHWARZENEGGER (CONT'D)

How did it go?

WILLIS

Well, we tried to file for bankruptcy, but that lawyer Hutz acted all crazy...

STALLONE

I think he was drunk.

WILLIS

The judge didn't even care. Then, the Chief of Police walked in with a big box of cookies and all hell broke loose.

STALLONE

And some Scottish guy tried to pick a fight with me!

They start to load suitcases into the Humvee. Homer and Marge walk past, hand in hand. Schwarzenegger sees them.

SCHWARZENEGGER

(SIGH) At least there's some normal people in this town...

**EXT. BOARDWALK - DUSK - CONTINUOUS**

Homer and Marge stroll down the Boardwalk into a beautiful sunset.

HOMER

You know, you were right. Legalized gambling was a bad idea.

MARGE

(DUBIOUS MURMUR) Actually, gambling did a very beautiful thing. It narrowed the gap between us.

HOMER

Yeah. Hey, wow! Imagine what'd happen to us if they legalized drugs, and prostitution! Maybe our kids'll live to see it... Until then, we can only dream, Marge. We can only dream.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

TAG AFTER CREDITS

**EXT. EASTER ISLAND - DAY**

**SOUND: WAVES AND SEAGULLS**

The landscape is desolate, except for a car that has washed up on the beach near the giant stone heads. We hear **POUNDING** coming from within the trunk.

WALTER MONDALE (O.S)

Hello?... (POUNDS AGAIN) ...Hel-lo?

FADE OUT:

THE END